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Clauson Claus

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

No. 17.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1899.

Vol. XXXIV.

HOLINESS
TO THE
LORD

• DESIGNED
FOR THE
ADVANCEMENT
OF THE
YOUNG •

GEORGE Q.
CANNON
EDITOR •

SALT LAKE
CITY
UTAH •

PUBLISHED
SEMI-MONTHLY



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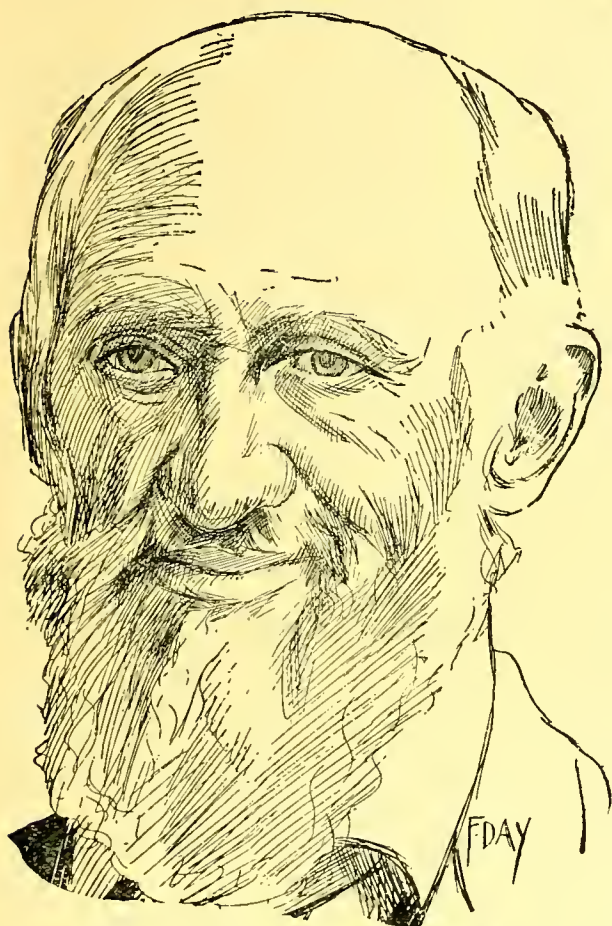
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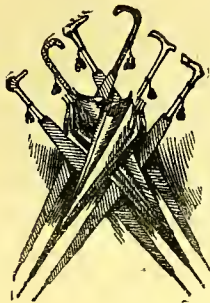
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CURRENT TIME TABE.

IN EFFECT JUNE 1, 1899.

LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East.....	8:30 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East.....	8:05 p. m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Belknap, Richfield and all intermediate points.....	8:00 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points.....	5:00 p. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the West.....	9:05 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West.....	9:45 p. m.
No. 12—For Park City.....	8:25 a. m.
No. 9—For Ogden, intermediate and West.....	12:30 p. m.

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and the East.....	8:30 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East.....	8:55 p. m.
No. 5—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Richfield, Manti and intermediate points.....	5:55 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West.....	8:20 a. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West.....	7:55 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points.....	10:00 a. m.
No. 11—Arrives from Park City and intermediate points at.....	6:45 p. m.
No. 10—From Ogden and intermediate points.....	8:10 p. m.

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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS

VOL. XXXIV.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1899.

No. 17.

AN OLD HANSA TOWN.

AWAY up in northern Germany, on a short arm of the Baltic Sea extending inland, is the old city of Lubeck. Just how old it is history tells us — it was founded in 1143; but history also tells us that where it stood had been a still earlier town, so that a few hundred years more or less will not make much difference in fixing the date when men first assembled here in a group with the intention of making their homes. It was at one time a great city, and nearly seven hundred years ago its citizens, in alliance with other people of

the vicinity, gained the first naval victory that Germany ever won, and thus overthrew the naval supremacy of the doughty Danes. If you look at your atlas or map of Europe, you will see that this part of Germany is not very far from Denmark.

Lubeck is only nine miles from the Baltic and is on the river Trave, which is deep enough to permit the passage to and from the town of vessels of large size. It is peculiar among ancient German cities in that, from early times, its chief building material was brick. Most of the noted towns and ruins of the Middle Ages are

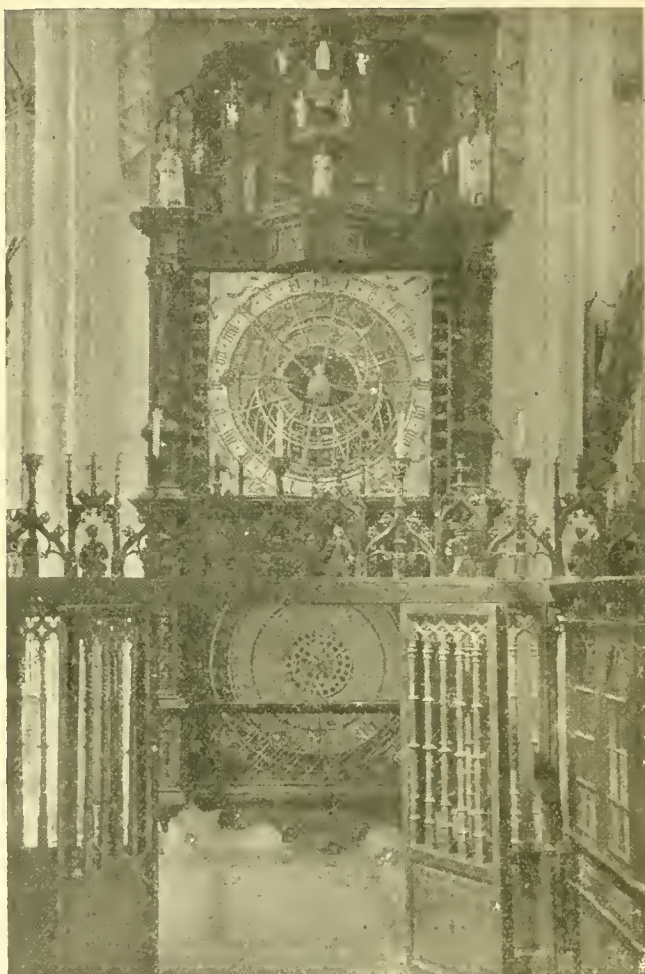


THE HOLSTEN GATE, LUBECK.

of stone; some few are of wood, strongly built and quaintly carved; but Lubeck and one or two others chose brick as their material of construction and with this they managed to effect many architectural novelties and beauties and to achieve certainly great strength and endurance in their buildings. The forms of their structures are simple, and there is a noticeable lack of that great exterior decoration which stone or wood made possible. But this lack led on the other hand to many new structural and decorative beauties, and almost without exception the interior of the buildings is imposing.

As an instance of the plain solidity of Lubeck architecture we present a picture of the famous Holstenthor (Holsten Gate) a splendid specimen of a gateway of the Middle Ages, when towns were walled and the gates closed at night and guarded all the time. This famous gate was completed a dozen years before Columbus discovered America, and with slight restorations it has retained its form and features to the present day. Another celebrated structure in the ancient city is the Church of St. Mary—together the finest edifice in Lubeck. It was built two hundred years earlier than the gate, and for its size and general magnificence is indebted to the democratic pride of the citizens, who

determined that their church should be finer than the cathedral of the bishop. Its celebrated clock, of which a picture is presented on this page, is at the back of the high altar, and was built nearly three hundred and fifty years ago. The



LUBECK'S FAMOUS CLOCK.

astronomical dial below the clock gives the eclipses of the sun and moon and various other data as to the movement of the heavenly bodies down to the end of next century, 1999, one hundred years from now, and nearly four hundred and

fifty years from the date when the clock was started. The time-piece itself always attracts a large crowd of spectators, especially at noon, at which hour the emperor and electors step forth, move past the Savior, and disappear on the other side.

In another part of this church is a stone-relief representing the Savior in the act of washing His disciples' feet, and another representing the Last Supper. At the foot of this latter sculpture, and almost unnoticed except by those who study such things critically, may be seen in stone a small black mouse gnawing at the roots of an oak. This is the ancient emblem of the city, and it dates away back from the thirteenth century when Lubeck became a free town of the empire and received many important municipal privileges. After having defeated the Danes, as previously mentioned, the enterprising spirit of the people of Lubeck and of some neighboring towns was directed to the establishment of commercial alliance between the cities of northern Germany, and thus the great Hanseatic League was born, a mighty but peace-loving bond of union between eastern and western Europe. Subsequently the cities comprising the League waged war in defense of their rights and became not only commercially powerful, but able to dictate in the political affairs of the surrounding kingdoms. At one time no less than eighty great cities were in the union, and of these Lubeck remained the chief, as it had been the original member. For more than two hundred years the League possessed great influence in and control over the affairs of northern Europe, and its history is filled with the most interesting incidents of those times. The chief element in the destruction of the power of the League

was the growing commercial power of England and Holland through the new relations with America and India. Instead of the wares of the East being carried overland through Europe, commerce now was carried on in ships; and this change in the channels of trade, together with the increasing power of the northern and Russian empires, soon knocked the foundations from beneath the Hanseatic League. Gradually Lubeck's prominence declined, until the population is now less than a third what it once was. But it remained, in connection with Hamburg and Bremen, a free city of the empire, and still enjoys, though in a lesser degree than the others of the trio, a considerable share of commercial prosperity.

Lubeck has never been a very fruitful field of missionary labor, so far as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is concerned, though a few families have been gathered out. Indeed, the peninsula of 'Schleswig-Holstein generally has been found somewhat indifferent to the Gospel sound; and this is the more strange when it is remembered that Denmark and the Scandinavian peninsula, only a few miles distant, and resembling in so many respects the country referred to, have yielded their thousands to swell the membership of the Church of God.

HERMANN THE BRAVE.

He lived a great many years ago, in a country across the sea, near the Black Forest. His father was a small Saxon land-holder by the name of Billung, who owned a few acres of feeding-ground, some more of forest, and a poor hut of wood, with a thatched roof, wherein he

lived with his wife and two children—Hermann and a girl.

Hermann was two years older than his sister Gertrude, who was seven. He was a manly little fellow, very brave and very strong for his age. Often the children were sent to the forest to cut wood for fuel, for the father had to work in the field all day and the mother had to spin. The boy carried a big, heavy knife curved almost like a sickle. This he used instead of an ax. Hermann cut the wood, and his little sister tied it in small bundles and carried these to the hut.

At this day wolves are seldom found in the Black Forest; but in Hermann's time, almost a thousand years ago, they were very numerous there. Great, fierce, shaggy monsters they were, who, when urged on by hunger, would not hesitate alone to attack men.

Hermann and his sister had been told not to linger in the forest after sundown. But one day the boy espied an eagle's nest, and he was so long in reaching it that twilight had ended before they started home. Just in the edge of the forest they were met by a fierce growl, and Hermann had barely time to clutch his knife, which was slung at his back, when a wolf rushed upon his sister.

The beast was one of the largest and fiercest of its kind, and Gertrude must certainly have fallen a victim to its savage attack, had not her brother placed himself in front, cutting and slashing in a way that would have done credit to any of the knights at the Emperor Otho's court. But the wolf was not disposed to give up its supper even then, and plunged at Hermann, rising on its hind legs, and snarling and gnashing its sharp teeth in a fearful manner.

The boy stood his ground manfully,

and made vigorous defense with his stout knife, while little Gertrude clung to his frock, crying. Finally, he gave the beast a blow that disabled it. Then he struck another that quite killed it.

Hermann cut off the great hairy ears of the monster and thrust them under his girdle, and then the two children shouldered their wood and marched toward home, as if nothing had happened. Outside the forest they met their father, who, alarmed by their long absence, was coming in search of them. He bore a flaming torch in his hand, and by its light he saw that the boy's clothing was streaked with great red stains.

"What have you been doing?" asked he.

"I have been killing a wolf," was the reply of the nine-year-old hero.

"Killing a wolf!" exclaimed the father, still alarmed, and uncertain whether to believe him. "Not so fast, my boy. Where is the wolf?"

"Back in the forest, dead; but here are his ears. The beast attacked Gertie, and I killed him with my knife. This is all wolf-blood on my breast and arms."

Billung clasped his children to his breast, murmuring a thankful prayer. The peril they had escaped was great, and the boy's heroism was the talk of the neighborhood for years. Nor did his courage, as he grew older, become less.

Some four years after this, when Hermann was about thirteen, as he was tending his father's cattle in the open field one day, he saw a gay cavalcade of horsemen turn aside from the road and enter the field. The boy sprang to place himself in their way, and cried out in a bold voice:

"Go back! Only the road is yours: this field belongs to me."

Their leader, a tall man with an im-

posing mien, reined his horse and inquired, "And who may you be my lad?"

"My name is Hermann Billung. Yonder is my father's homestead. This is our field, and you have no right here."

"I have the right to go where I will," said the knight, shaking his lance threateningly. "Get out of the way, or you will be ridden over."

But the boy stood his ground, and with flashing eyes turned on the cavalier,—

"Right is right," he cried, "and you can not ride through this field without first riding over me."

"What do you know about right, yonker?"

"I know that this is our field, and no Billung ever gives up his right."

"But do you think it right to refuse to obey your emperor? I am Otho;" and the horseman drew himself up with a kingly air.

"You King Otho, the pride of Saxony?" cried Hermann, in astonishment. "But it cannot be! Otho guards our rights—you would break them. That is not like the emperor. Father has often told me so."

"I should like to see the father of so brave a boy; lead me to him," said the emperor, kindly interest depicted in his earnest face.

"The smoke that you may see above those bushes rises from our home. You will find my father there, but I cannot leave these cows which he bade me tend. But if you are in truth the emperor, you will keep to the road, for Otho protects our rights."

So the courtly train turned from the field, leaving the brave boy unmolested to care for his cattle. Otho rode direct to the peasant's cottage, and when he had found the father, he said to him:

"Your name is Billung, and mine is

Otho. I want to take your son to court with me, to educate him so that he may become my esquire. He will make a true man, and I have need of such."

Billung joyfully granted Otho's request. Hermann was called in, and told of his good fortune. He put on his best clothes and rode away on a war-horse by the side of Otho, as proud as any boy could be. But this was not the last of Hermann.

He grew to be a brave knight—the bravest in fact at the emperor's court. He had a horse of his own now, and he wore cloth of gold and silver, with a long plume in his velvet cap and a golden spur on his heel. When he went to war he dressed up in dark steel armor, and looked as grim and formidable as any of the old knights, though he was only twenty years old.

One day Otho sent his young favorite across the country to visit a great castle where a duke lived. It was miles away, and a dreary road, but Hermann, accompanied by only a single esquire, set off with a light heart, singing a merry song.

For two or three days all went well. The birds sang in the woods, his horse cantered briskly, and Hermann's heart was joyful. In the afternoon of the third day, the woods grew thicker and the road wider, and just where it was the darkest and wildest, he was startled by loud screams, and then he heard rough, fierce oaths, and the rush of many feet and the clank of armor.

He did not stop to count his enemies, but drawing his sword, spurred his horse forward right upon the scene. And such a scene it was! A graceful and richly dressed lady, whose jewels seemed worth a monarch's ransom, was in the grasp of a savage-looking man, whose followers had already beaten her

three attendants to the earth. There were nearly a score of them, rough, desperate-looking fellows, but Hermann did not hesitate.

He was in their midst almost before they knew, cutting and slashing away in terrible earnest. With his first blow he struck down the ruffian whose arms were around the lady. Then he turned upon the others. At first they were greatly scared, but when they saw there were only two to fight, they crowded around with a great clatter, and soon Hermann had his hands full.

But he was very brave and very strong, though he was so young. He had unhorsed all the famous knights at Otho's court, and here were no knights, but robbers. He knew he should conquer, and conquer he did, though he got a wound that laid him by for more than a fortnight, but he himself slew eleven of the robbers outright.

The lady took him to her father's castle, which was not distant, and there she tended him until he was able to mount his war-horse again. During his confinement he discovered that the castle was the very one he had been journeying to, and that the lady was Duke Henry's daughter. On the last day of his stay he did the emperor's errand, and he also did another for himself, for when he rode away it was as the accepted suitor of beautiful Lady Adelaide.

At the marriage, which occurred not long afterward, Otho himself was present, with many of his princes, and the ceremony was a very grand one. At its conclusion the emperor bestowed upon his young friend a great dukedom. For thirty years he reigned as duke of Saxony, and then he died, but not until he performed many other gallant deeds, which we have no room to relate. You

will find his name in all the old German histories, for Hermann the Brave was one of the noblest and most celebrated men of his time.

SUMMER STORM IN THE WASATCH.

THE climb to the top of the mountain was long, and accomplished with difficulty.

The table-land reached, I sat down on the brow of a cliff near a little grove of box-elder, to rest and enjoy the magnificent view spread out on every side: parallel ranges of mountains lying westward, and nearer, rolling foothills, meadow lands, patches of dark saw-timber and mountain streams.

While I looked, from far down a long narrow valley, scarcely wider than a canyon, I saw what seemed to be a tiny lake, which, as I gazed, widened out at the junction of two or three ravines and a deeper glade: they seemed suddenly to fill with water. I looked eagerly, scarcely able to believe the evidences of my senses.

A freshening breeze, strongly impregnated with moisture, blew over my face. Now a grove of trees, then a hill, disappeared as if buried in the silent, swift, terrible rush of what seemed to be water.

A hoarse, deep growl from the moving mass revealed its identity. Water it was—but in its vapor form of clouds.

The wind had now freshened to a stiff breeze, and the clouds had spread half across the valley. Vivid lightning flashes played around the dark edges of the seething mass, and thunder reverberated from hill to hill.

Above my head the sun shone with midsummer glory. The sky was as

blue and serene as that which hung over Eden in its innocence, or from which the star of Bethlehem shone out.

I was above this earth-born storm, the valley was being drenched with rain and darkened by dense clouds, and I could well imagine that the traveler who chanced to be there should fancy himself shut out forever from the face of heaven.

Like billows of the ocean the clouds rolled higher and higher up the mountain. The air was heavily charged with electricity, and more frequent and brilliant were the flashes of lightning as they divided the clouds as with a sword of green fire, or hissed along the face of some high cliff with sinuous track, bringing out, with startling clearness, shrub, tree and rock.

Following one fierce peal of thunder that shook the earth whereon I stood, part of a gigantic wall—the shoulder of the mountain—fell in splintered fragments.

The storm had now approached so near that the wings had passed quite around the base of the peak, and I seemed to be standing on an island, the only living thing in a world of waters. So far as the eye could see there was nothing but tossing billows. Some filmy edges of cloud rose between me and the sun, spreading out a veil of rain drops, and every one a glittering diamond.

The wind swept by in spasmodic fury. It tore my hair down and flung the coil out like a banner. The slender tree I had instinctively grasped, for I felt giddy and insecure, was bowed almost to the earth, and with a last look at the sun, I crouched upon the earth, and the storm with a roar like a wild beast was upon me. The rain drenched the earth, while the lightning

flashed and blazed all around, and the thunder was as the cannonading of Titans.

It lasted only a short time, swept by in awful majesty, and the sounds of the mad strife grew faint, and were finally lost among the hills and deep canyons far to the east. The sun came out, birds sang, and all nature smiled through the tears upon her face.

Thus it is with the cares and sorrows of life. Sometimes we feel that they have hidden from us the face of God, and that it is impossible for His love and mercy to reach and heal our sorrows. But His love is always there, warm, serene, all powerful, and as each storm of life passes by, those who cherish the love of God in their hearts shall know that His providence was above the tempest.

Ellen Jakeman.

LESSONS FROM THE LIVES OF OUR LEADERS;

Or Examples of Practical Religion.

I.

By the term "our leaders" is meant the authorities of our Church, both past and present. The name is appropriate. They lead the way and kindly invite others to follow. They are not like the military commander who urges his soldiers to the front of the battle while he directs from a safe distance; nor the agitator of revolution who incites the masses to riot while he seeks refuge in a secure retreat.

The old adage, "Example is better than precept," has ever been adhered to by our leaders in guiding the Saints in their religious duties. At the same time, their precepts are consistent with

their example, and are serviceable because they are the results of practical experience.

Practical religion consists in performing our every-day duties such as those set forth by the Savior in His sermon on the mount and in His other teachings given to His disciples as recorded in the holy scriptures. To point out instances wherein these teachings have been carried out in the lives of individuals will serve to show that they are not too extremely ideal to be practical, and may serve to encourage others to follow their noble example.

One of the injunctions of the Savior was to "love thy neighbor as thyself." This was beautifully exemplified in the life of the late President Heber C. Kimball.

In the early settlement of Utah there were times when food was extremely scarce. In 1848 the crickets, which appeared in great swarms, destroyed much of the crops; and were it not for the providential appearance of the gulls that came and devoured the crickets, the growing crops would evidently have been entirely eaten by that insect pest. At other times grasshoppers were so numerous that they became a plague, and caused a scarcity of breadstuff by their widespread ravages.

From the very earliest settlement of the Great Salt Lake Valley the Church leaders were inspired to counsel the Saints to save their grain for times of scarcity. But very frequently people neglected to follow the instructions imparted to them, and when crops were a failure they consequently suffered.

The harvest of 1855 was a very poor one, and by the beginning of the next year an actual famine was raging in the community. There was no flour on

sale in the market, and some few individuals who had some to spare sold it as high as twenty-five and thirty dollars a hundred.

Heber C. Kimball, at that time counselor to President Brigham Young, was one who had not only appealed to the Saints to store their grain in times of plenty, but had also set them a practical example by laying up quantities of it himself. During the famine of 1856 he with his family might have lived in comfort, having plenty to eat, and considerably more than he could have disposed of at exorbitant prices. But this he did not do. He had learned to love his neighbor as himself, and to do unto others as he would like others to do to him. Instead of reproving the famine-stricken people for their disregard of counsel, his great soul was turned in sympathy towards them. He devoted his time to supplying those who were suffering from his own store of grain and flour. And so extensive became this labor of love that he employed the assistance of others besides himself and his good wife to distribute supplies to the needy. During the months of scarcity he kept open house, and fed from seventy-five to a hundred persons daily. Nor was this all, for he sent presents of flour and other food to many who did not come to his board; and then, in order that the benefits of his liberality might extend still further and save any from actual starvation, he placed himself and his family upon short rations.

When this famine began to be felt President Kimball had in store thousands of bushels of wheat, besides considerable quantities of other grain, but before harvest time came the supply was all gone.

Such an example of liberality and

love for fellow-beings is not only worthy of record and remembrance, but also of emulation by all who profess to be followers of Christ or who believe in His word.

It might be added that there were others of our Church leaders who manifested this same self-sacrificing disposition at this critical time. And there are many other instances that might be related to show the loving character of those whom God has chosen to lead His people.

Edwin F. Parry.

"JONESEY."

EVERYBODY had always called him "Bud," or "Dearest," or "Mama's Darling," or "Papa's Boy," or something like that. If strangers asked his name he answered: "Ralph Holbrook Jones, Jr.," with a very important air.

But he had had a birthday and was six years old. He had been graduated from the kindergarten and received a miniature diploma with a ribbon round it. This diploma told how much he knew about color and form and other lovely things taught at kindergarten.

Now he was to start in school, and thought it high time people began to call him "Jonesey."

Charley simply shouted, and said that he wouldn't do anything of the kind. Charlie was thirteen, and apt to be careless of a "fellow's feelings."

Mama, now, was different. You might have thought that she'd been one of the boys herself once, from the way she acted. She'd call him "Jonesey," of course, if he liked it. She did put "darling" on it and try to kiss him; but he told her that he didn't want any more of that.

Papa began to say something of a teasing sort; but Grandma told him she thought he ought to keep still, and Papa stopped at once. He always obeyed Grandma promptly. He said that was the way all boys should treat their mothers.

Papa is Grandma's boy, you know. Ralph, or Jonesey, or whatever his name was, thought that was queer. There was another case just like it, though, in the same neighborhood. Ray Hammond's Grandmother's boy was a grown-up man, too.

It took this boy--shall we call him Jonesey?--a long time to prepare for school that morning. But after a while he was all ready. Mama tightened a buckle on one of his leggings, tucked his mittens up his sleeves, and turned his reefer collar up around the back of his head. Then she shook hands with him very gravely and said, "Good-by, Jonesey!" while Papa choked behind his newspaper.

Grandma was embroidering, and she made a red violet before she thought. Charlie stood on the stairs and held his sides and just yelled, "Ho, ho, ho!" Charlie is too boisterous, sometimes. Mama says so.

The teacher treated Jonesey just as she did the other boys. He could not have told what he expected, but something different. She told him which seat to take, and that the word on the blackboard was "BOY." She told him to study it carefully and then to try to write it in the same way on his slate. She wanted him to know that *boy* the next time he saw him.

So Jonesey looked at the word long and hard. It wasn't at all like the boy *he* could make out of the red and blue letters on his blocks. He had heard about boys across the ocean who didn't

look nor talk as he did, nor wear the same sort of clothes, nor eat the same kind of food, nor anything. He wondered if this meant one of those boys.

He tried to write something like it on his slate, but made such a crooked, wabby boy that it was certainly very discouraging.

He tried it again, and leaned so far over that his nose almost touched the pencil. It was warm in the school-room, and his head drooped lower and lower, till after a while his cheek rested on the boy on the slate, and Jonesey was fast asleep.

When the teacher walked up and down the aisles, looking at the slates, she smiled when she saw what had happened to Jonesey.

She put her hand on his head and called, "Wake up, little boy; wake up!"

And Jonesey said right out loud: "Go 'way, Towser; you're too rough! Mama, I want a cookie, please!"

And all those children, who had been going to school two or three months and knew everything, laughed as hard as they could. Then Jonesey began to cry the way he used to cry sometimes before he was six years old.

The teacher didn't scold him at all. She just took him by the hand and led him out into the cloak-room. Then she helped him into his leggings and overshoes and reefer and cap, and tucked his mittens up his sleeves just as his Mama always did.

She patted him on the shoulder as if he were a very little boy, and told him that she thought he'd been at school long enough for the first day, and to come again tomorrow when he was feeling better.

Jonesey cried all the way home. When he got there, Mama gathered him up in her arms. Grandma gave him a

peppermint, and Nora brought in a fresh raspberry-tart.

Mama looked at him as much as a minute; then she kissed him. She looked at him another minute; then she hugged him tight, and called him her precious treasure and a lot of other nice things she used to say when he was a little boy. And Jonesey began to feel better.

After a while Ray Hammond came over, and called him "Bud," and gave him half his doughnut, just exactly as if nothing had happened.

Grandma told him that it would be hours and hours before it was time to go to school again. And Ralph Holbrook Jones, Jr., sometimes called Bud, Dearest, Mama's Darling, Papa's Boy, but more recently known as "Jonesey," smiled once more just as he used to smile before he was six years old.

St. Nicholas.

HOW I GOT TO ZION.

I JOINED the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in St. Francisville, Illinois, February 8th, 1897. Steven L. Bunnell and W. E. Abbott were the Elders who baptized and confirmed me a member. Brother Bunnell lives in Spring City, Utah, Brother Abbott lives in Bunkerville, Nevada.

I started for Zion, and with my father moved to Independence, Missouri. From there I continued the journey by myself. I was only seventeen years old, and I left Missouri without money enough to bring me through on the train, but I was determined to come. I would work awhile till I got a few dollars ahead, and then would come as far as my money would bring me. I got nearly to a "Mormon" settlement at St. Johns, Kansas, when I fell from a

train and broke my arm. I was then two hundred and fifty miles from home; but when I reached St. John, I was well taken care of till my arm was well. I left there April 18th, 1898, walked twelve miles and got dinner, and continued till I got to Kensley, Kansas, where I took train and rode to Dodge City, Kansas. I stayed there a few days and next landed in Lamar, Colorado. After working a few days I got means to take me to Colorado Springs, and then I beheld the beautiful Pike's Peak. It was grand, because it was the first mountain I ever saw. After taking a farewell look at the Peak, I went to Leadville, Colorado, seeing many beautiful canyons and mountains on my way. I then had been gone from home about two months. I proceeded westward coming to Glenwood Springs. I stayed there a few days and then went to Grand Junction, ninety miles further, where I worked about a month, and after purchasing some clothes, found I had money enough left to take me to Thompson Springs, Utah.

This place was in the middle of the desert. I worked on the railroad till I had earned \$11.30 and then started onward, finally landing in Zion July 14th, 1898.

This is only a brief sketch of my travels, but I thought it might interest some of your readers. I would like them to remember that I did this for the sake of my religion, because of which, in the place where I joined the Church, the people persecuted me; but I can truly say, "I have been preserved from destruction many a time by God's power."

I never have seen a country I liked as well as these beloved mountains during the sixteen months since I left my home. My parents are living at Independence,

Missouri, though my sister has come west and lives at Smithfield, Utah, while I live at Idaho. In conclusion, I hope that all who read this will ever be found true to the faith.

A. V. Conner.

ANIMALS THAT FLY WITHOUT WINGS.

FLIGHT, in the strict meaning of the word, belongs to bats, birds, and insects. It is used here in the sense of "passing through the air," without reference to the means of flight, except in so far as these are not wings, writes Henry Scherren.

The Flying Dragon is a curious little lizard from the East Indies, where it is common in the forests. It is brightly colored, and when the rays of the sun fall upon it in its flying leaps, it is an exceedingly beautiful creature. But when it is lying in ambush, shaded by the foliage, its different hues are scarcely to be distinguished from the branch on which it rests.

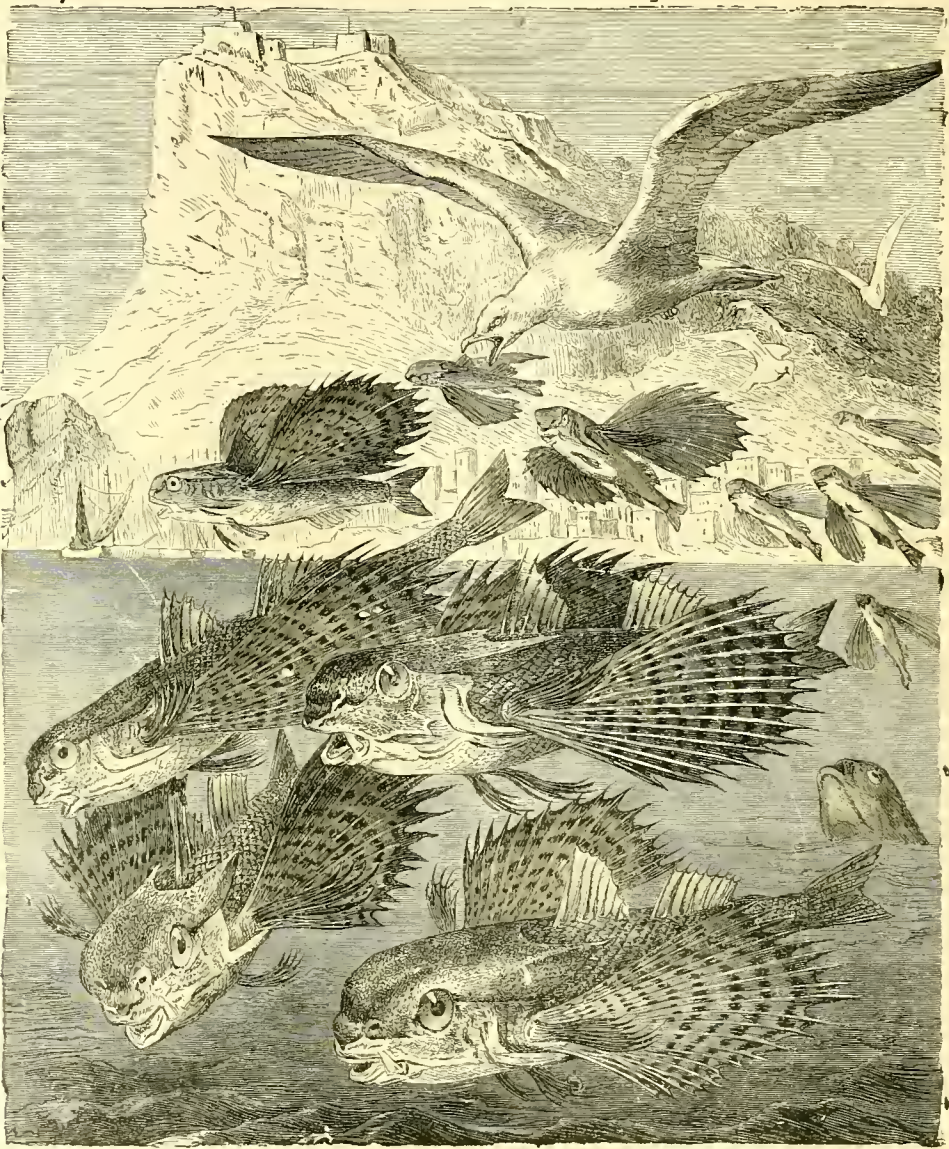
Its flying apparatus is exceedingly curious. The hinder-ribs are much longer than the body, and over them is spread a thin skin. When the lizard is moving along a branch, or at rest, these long ribs lie close against the body. But directly an insect passes, the ribs are expanded, the lizard makes a spring, snaps up its prey, and "flies" down to the ground.

It does not stay long on the level, but hops off on its hind legs to the nearest tree-trunk, up which it climbs to find suitable ambush whence it may pounce upon another dainty morsel.

Its hind legs are very muscular, and by means of these limbs the lizard is started on its flight. If the hind legs were cut off the creature would be help-

less; but if the "wings" were cut off it would still be able to move quickly along a branch. If, however, it at-

much longer in the Flying Fish than they are in most other fishes. Some doubt exists as to the precise manner in



FLYING GURNARDS.

tempted to fly to the ground, down it would come like a lump of lead.

The flying fish, for its passage through the air, uses the limbs that correspond to our arms. These limbs, or fins, are

which the flight is accomplished. Many naturalists believe that the fins are not moved at all while the fish is in air. Others, who have had equal opportunities of watching these creatures, main

tain that the fins are moved in true bird-like fashion.

Dr. Wallace, in his voyage to the Malay Archipelago, saw large shoals of these fish. He says: "As they skim along the surface they turn on their sides, so as to fully display their beautiful fins, taking a flight of about a hundred yards, rising and falling in a most graceful manner. At a little distance they exactly resemble swallows, and no one who sees them can doubt that they really do fly, not merely descend in an oblique direction from the height they gain by their first spring."

But what is the object of their flight? Sometimes it may be for the fun of the thing—a mere joyous frolic. In most cases, however, the flight of these fishes is an endeavor to escape from their enemies below the surface of the water. If they get away from the porpoises and large fishes that pursue them in their own element, they are often snapped by crowds of sea-birds which swoop down upon them.

It is not an uncommon occurrence for these fish, when exhausted, to drop upon the deck of a passing vessel. In this case their doom is sealed. They are put into spirit, or dried, to be brought home as curiosities, or they find their way to the cook's frying pan, for they are excellent eating.

There are many different kinds of Flying Fish. One species is often seen round the coasts of England and shoals of them have been seen in the British Channel. A West Indian species occurs round the islands in immense numbers, and at Barbadoes fleets of boats take

them in enormous numbers with the net.

These fish are often called Flying Herrings. There are a few others which are called Flying Gurnards, only mentioned because of their relation to the gurnards so often to be seen on fish-mongers' slabs. These gurnards use their pectoral fins as floats, and have three finger-like appendages with which they can crawl along the bottom or over rocks.

Flying Lemurs, or Colugos, are about the size of a cat, and their home is in the islands of the Eastern Archipelago. Their flying apparatus consists of an



AMERICAN FLYING SQUIRRELS.

outgrowth of skin all round the body, supported by the limbs and tail. The fingers and toes are webbed, and this serves as a further support to these animals in their descent.

The spread of skin acts as a parachute, by the aid of which they can float through the air for considerable distances from tree to tree, each leap ending at a lower level, till at last the ground is reached.

When Dr. Wallace was in Sumatra he saw one run up the trunk of a tree that stood in an open place, and then glide

through the air to another tree, on which it alighted near its base, and then began to ascend.

The distance from one tree to the other was seventy yards, and Dr. Wallace estimated the descent to be not more than thirty-five or forty feet. This led him to the conclusion that these animals must have some means of guiding themselves through the air, or this one would not have been able to pitch exactly on the trunk.

The African Flying Squirrels are found in the hills paralleling the Gold Coast. The English-speaking natives call them flying foxes—a name usually given to some of the eastern fruit-eating bats. The flying membrane of these squirrels is remarkable, in that a kind of spur projects from the elbow and supports the outstretching skin. Along the under surface of the tail, near the root, is a row of hard, horny scales, which are of great assistance in climbing. These Flying Squirrels live on berries and nuts, and are especially fond of palm-oil nut. The fur is beautifully soft.

Another member of this family is the Polar or Siberian Flying Squirrel, of which the American Flying Squirrel is a near relative. In these squirrels the flying membrane is very narrow; but, as if to make up for it, the tail is broad and flat, to act as a parachute. It is exceedingly pretty. The American squirrel is social in habit and when young is an interesting pet.

ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

WHEN Daniel Webster was in his fifteenth year he was placed under the care of a Rev. Mr. Woods of Boscawen, New Hampshire, who kept a private boarding school. "During the time that

Webster was with Dr. Woods," says his biographer, "he always gave satisfactory recitations. But he found it so easy to learn that the preparation of his lessons occupied but a short time; he consequently had much leisure, which he spent in the indulgence of his love of nature, in fishing and gunning. With rod or gun in hand, he spent hour after hour in wandering along the streams, or rambling over the fields. His teacher, who had but little sympathy for these employments, administered to him a rebuke for his wandering habits, tempering it, however, with compliments for his quickness in learning. He was fearful that this fondness for out-door sports might exert an injurious influence upon the other students. Webster felt this rebuke, and determined to retaliate in a way that would tax the doctor's patience. His lesson for the next day was a hundred lines in Virgil. He applied himself diligently, and occupied a good portion of the night, not in simply learning those hundred lines, but in committing to memory many more. At the recitation next morning, he despatched the hundred lines, for which he received the commendation of his teacher. "I can recite some more," said the student. "Go on, then," was the reply. Another hundred lines were repeated. The teacher was equally surprised and gratified. "But I have not done yet," said Webster; "I can give you another hundred lines, and another hundred beyond that; I can give you five hundred; I can recite to the end of the twelfth book." The teacher was amazed; he had not time to hear so much; his breakfast had for some time been waiting for him, and he was impatient to be at it. This was what Webster had anticipated, and where he had intended to tax the old gentleman.

He was determined to retain him so long in hearing his recitation as to make him have a late breakfast; but the teacher would not wait; after praising his pupil for his industry, he asked to be excused from listening to him any longer, and said, "You may have the whole day, Dan, for pigeon shooting." Dan rambled to his heart's content that day, without any compunctions of conscience, or any fear of rebukes from the doctor.

At one period during the Rebellion there were no less than seventy-four major-generals and two hundred and seventy-six brigadiers on the rolls, which was far more than there was any use for. President Lincoln recognized this mistake before anybody else, but he consoled himself by joking about it. It is recalled that on one occasion, when one of these superfluous generals was captured by the enemy, with a number of men and horses, somebody undertook to condole with the president on the subject, remarking that the loss of the captured general's services was a great misfortune to the Government.

"Pooh!" replied Lincoln, "it's the horses I'm thinking about. I can make another brigadier-general in two minutes, but horses are scarce, and cost \$200 apiece."

Dannecker, the German sculptor, who died a generation ago, left statues of Ariadne and Sappho and a colossal figure of Christ. His early fame he won for works connected with Greek and Roman mythology. When he had labored two years upon his statue of Christ, the marble was apparently finished. He called a little girl into his studio. Pointing to the form of Christ, he asked: "Who is that?" "A great man," was her reply. He was for a time hopeless.

He had failed. Only a great man! Again he commenced labor. For six years he cut and carved the marble. Again he called a child and put her before the re-finished piece. "Who is that?" he asked. Her reply was: "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Of Saraste, the famous violinist, a pleasant story was told recently at a reception in Washington. The great master enjoys nothing better than giving or receiving a joke. One evening at a social function a young violinist, who had a much higher opinion of his own musical ability than any one else, had the bad taste to play one of Saraste's compositions with variations of his own creation. The latter were inappropriate and inartistic, and jarred upon the ears of all.

The performer ended his work and made his way to Saraste, doubtless expecting a word of recognition or praise. Saraste said nothing, and the player finally asked, "I hope you recognized that piece?"

Saraste promptly replied: "Certainly. It was a piece of impertinence."

There is in Mr. Ellis Yarnoll's interesting volume of reminiscences, "Wordsworth and the Coleridges," a very amusing story of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, whose thoughts were sometimes too profound even for poets to follow.

Wordsworth and Samuel Rogers had spent the evening with Coleridge, and as the two poets walked away together, Rogers remarked, cautiously:

"I did not altogether understand the latter part of what Coleridge said."

"I didn't understand any of it," Wordsworth hastily replied.

"No more did I!" exclaimed Rogers, with a sigh of relief.

*** THE ***
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

SEMI-MONTHLY, - \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SEPT. 1, 1899.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

INFLUENCE OF WEATHER ON CRIME.

A SINGULAR theory, now put forth with the stamp of science, and thus receiving much more attention than it otherwise might, is that the prevalence of crime bears a distinct relation to the state of the weather. Statistics have been collected, including over four hundred thousand cases of misdemeanors, from the records of the police, the schools, the penitentiaries, etc., in New York. In addition to these, the table shows a list of errors in banks, strength tests in gymnasiums, and other things showing an abnormal, or unusual, tendency of human effort in the line indicated. With all this, a close comparison has been made with the conditions of the weather as shown by data from the government Weather Bureau.

The following conclusions are the result of the comparison: Increase or excess in the number of misdemeanors was noted in moderately high temperatures—that is, in weather rather warmer than the average. When the temperature became extremely high—that is, so hot as to be oppressive—there was a general falling off in crime, as if under intense heat there was not enough energy left in the human being for offensive conduct. The exceptions to this rule were found in the number of deaths, suicides and blunders of bank employes, none of which require much energy anyway. A low barometer—that is, a tend-

ency to changeable and stormy weather—was found to have the same effect as extreme heat; while the moist, humid, "muggy" days when everybody feels at liberty to be disagreeable and "out of sorts," were found to be singularly free from manifestations of crime. For these facts the explanation again is given that no matter how "ugly" a person may feel, he lacks the energy to become actively dangerous. Calm weather was found to be accompanied by fewer cases of crime than moderately windy weather; but periods of high winds, on the other hand, were marked by less crime than any others—the inference probably being that during tornadoes and excessive wind, the average person, even if criminally inclined, feels more like taking care of himself than plotting mischief or injury to others. For a similar reason, perhaps, it was found that misdemeanors are less frequent on cloudy days and in rainy weather than in clear, shining days and pleasant weather—depressing atmospheric conditions seeming to have a corresponding effect upon the would-be perpetrators of crime; and what is here said about days may be taken as applying to nights also.

We may smile at the ingenuity of the theory, and yet it seems to be borne out in great measure by the facts. Certainly the argument is clever. Says the statistician who has made all these studies and comparisons: "The most interesting general conclusion is that during weather conditions which are exhilarating, excesses in deportment prevail; but the results seem to show that in the long run an excess of energy is a more dangerous thing, at least from the standpoint of the police court, than the worst sort of a temper with no energy."

Inasmuch as nothing is said about it, the moral instinct and training and sur-

roundings seem to come in for very little consideration in the working out of this theory. May it not be the fact—is it not the fact—that exhilarating weather conditions are as productive of an increase in moral and beneficent activity, where an opportunity is afforded, as they are in affecting the immoral or criminal tendencies? In proportion as some men are rendered by circumstances less able to resist temptation, are not other men by the same circumstances rendered firmer and more steadfast in righteousness? The conditions that create great sinners can also create great saints. In order to be either, there must be a mental and physical energy, immoral or moral. Even if it be granted that the deductions of the authority whom we have quoted seem scientifically established, does it not follow that the fault lies less with the weather than with those who ought to be alive to the duty of correcting and encouraging and uplifting their fellow-men, rather than to sit down in pious apathy and let things take their course? The situation seems to be that at the time when a large number of men do evil, other men do nothing. In this view of the case, will it not be a paltry and pitiable spectacle when men get to the stage of such degeneracy as to seek shelter for their wrong-doing behind the plea that the weather was to blame?

"EARNING A LITTLE AND SPENDING A LITTLE LESS."

A BIT of advice worthy of the late President George A. Smith, or of the philosopher who lived long before him, known familiarly as "Poor Richard," is inscribed on a public fountain in San Francisco erected to the memory of the late scholar and novelist, Robert Louis Stevenson. He set forth in a few inspiring words his own ideals for a

perfect life, and these were deemed appropriate as an inscription on the memorial tablet. We quote a portion: "To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little *and to spend a little less.*"

In these few words is expressed an almost perfect rule for human happiness. The last clause is particularly impressive as suggesting a remedy and a warning against the curse and degradation of debt. Surely never in the history of mankind was there greater need than now of a return to first principles and of an observance of Benjamin Franklin's motto: "Pay as you go." Extravagance is the sin and peril of the age. Either from the example of others or the laxity of their own principles, people are prone to live beyond their means. Whatever they earn, they spend more. Debt is easily fallen into, but its slavery is terrible. It discourages ambition, it is a drag upon high endeavor, it is a slow but consuming death to an honest and sensitive soul. War hath slain its thousands, but debt its tens of thousands. It makes of him whom it catches in its toils a serf, and either a coward or a scamp. It gnaws like canker, it burns like caustic, it grinds on and on till the grave closes over the unhappy victim. It eats relentlessly away at his substance not only while all the world is awake and active, but also while all the world sleeps. No lock or bar can keep out its blight, in no clime or concealment can the debtor escape its iron clutch.

"To earn a little and to spend a little less" means contentment, courage in facing one's fellows, incentive to braver struggles with the world's adversities, and honor and reputation of the most priceless sort. Peace of mind is a jewel beyond compare, whether it be associated with wealth or poverty, or be

found in that genial middle zone where contentment with a little holds sway. But debt is a tormentor and a mill-stone about the neck, and is the natural and sworn enemy of happiness. Shun it, reader, as you would a serpent!

MEADOW FARM.

MARY MILLER came home from the factory upon that April evening, with a light, quick step.

The sky was all jonquil glow; the frogs were croaking in the swamp; the maples were crimsoned with their earliest banners of blossom; and, as she tripped along, Mary found a tuft of violets, half hidden under a drift of dead leaves—pale purple, scentless blooms.

"The first violets always bring good luck with them," she whispered to herself, as she pinned them into the bosom of her blue flannel gown.

"Home" was scarcely the ideal realization of that poetic word to the factory-girl. She and her mother lived in the upper half of a shabby, unpainted wooden house, with the blacksmith's scolding wife and seven riotous children down stairs, and one-half of a trampled-down back yard by way of garden, where nothing ever grew but burdocks, nettles and Mrs. Muggs' long-legged fowls.

But Mrs. Miller, who had been a school-teacher once, and still retained somewhat of the refinement of her early education, had the tea ready, with a shaded lamp and bunch of maple blossoms on the table, ready for Mary to come home.

"Good news, mother!" the girl cried, lightly. "The Meadow farm is to let! Mother, we must take it."

Mrs. Miller looked dubiously at the

bright, eager face, with its blue-gray eyes and fringes of yellow hair.

"Can we afford it, daughter?" she said, slowly. "A whole house, and a farm of forty-three acres?"

"It isn't such a very large house, mother!" pleaded Mary, as she laid the bunch of violets in her mother's lap—"not so many more rooms than we have here. And we could keep two cows, and I could sell milk and butter, and spring chickens and eggs; and I am almost sure that Will Davidge would work the farm on shares. And only think, mother, how delightful it would be to have a home all to ourselves, where we couldn't hear Mrs. Muggs boxing Bobby's ears, or Helen shrieking with the toothache! And a little garden, mother, where we could have peonies and hollyhocks, and all those lovely, old-fashioned flowers that your soul delights in!"

Mrs. Miller's pale face softened. "It would be a great temptation, Molly," she said.

"It is a month now since old Mrs. Dabney died," said Mary. "And they say that her daughter in the city and her son out in California despise the old farm, with its one-story house and its old red barn. So it is to let. And so cheap, too! Only a hundred and fifty dollars a year. Mother, we must take it! I'll leave the factory and turn dairy maid. I've saved enough, you know, to buy two cows and some real Plymouth Rock fowls to begin with; and, oh, it will be such a happiness! Say yes, mother—do say yes!"

When Mary Miller pleaded like this, the gentle widow never knew how to refuse; and the upshot of it was that they leased the old Dabney house, and became co-sovereigns of the realm of Meadow farm.

It was their first night there. Over-

head the young May moon shone through a veil of purple mist. A solitary owl hooted in the chestnut-wood back of the house, for Meadow farm was situated on a lonely mountain-side where no one ever came except on special business.

The Plymouth Rock chickens were safely shut up where foxes could not reach them nor minks steal in to bleed their young lives away; the cows—two fine young Alderneys—were chewing their cud back of the old red barn, and Mary Miller had flung a handful of cedar-sticks on the hearth, where their scented blaze illuminated the old kitchen with a leaping brightness beautiful to see.

"Because it's just possible that the house may be damp," she said, "after being uninhabited so long. There, mother, isn't that cheerful? And isn't it nice that our old rag-carpet should fit this floor so exactly?" with a satisfied downward glance. "And do you see those tiger-lilies? I found them down by the garden-wall—oh, such a red wilderness of them! Old Mrs. Dabney set them out herself, they say. It seems only yesterday," she added thoughtfully, "that I came past here and saw old Mrs. Dabney sitting in the big chair by the fire, just where—"

Mrs. Miller uttered a little shriek and grasped her daughter's arm. Mary stopped short, pallor overspreading her cheek. For, as she spoke, the door opposite had opened, and a very little old woman, silver-haired, and shriveled like a mummy, came in, and, walking across the floor, seated herself in Mrs. Dabney's very corner—an old woman dressed in the snuff-colored gown which Mrs. Dabney had always worn, and wearing a snuff-silk cap, while a bag depended from her arm.

"It's cold, ladies," she said, looking

around with a deprecating air. "Cold for the season of the year. And they don't keep fires at Tewkstown."

"Mother," said Mary, recovering herself with an hysterical gasp of relief, "it isn't old Mrs. Dabney's ghost at all. It's old Miss Abby, come back from the Tewkstown poorhouse."

"You don't mean—" began the mild widow.

"That Mrs. Daniel Dabney and Mrs. Everard Elberson let their old aunt go to the poorhouse?" said Mary Miller. "Yes, it is quite true. Mrs. Daniel leads society in San Francisco, I am told, and Mrs. Elberson is a great lady in Bridgeport, with a reception day and servants in livery. What could they do with a half-crazy old aunt, who takes snuff and talks uncertain grammar? Poor Miss Abby! She has wandered back to her old home. She was eighty last birthday, and things are all misty and vague to her."

"But what shall we do?" said Mrs. Miller, in accents of perplexity. "A crazy woman here—it doesn't seem just right, Molly, does it?"

"I'll take her back, after she has rested a little, and had a cup of tea," said Mary, cheerily.

"But perhaps she won't go."

"Oh, yes, she will," said Mary. "Poor Miss Abby! She is as gentle as a child."

Her words proved to be correct. Miss Abby Dabney suffered herself to be led unremonstratingly back to Tewkstown poorhouse, where the matron read her a shrill-voiced lecture, and declared she should not be allowed another grain of snuff if she couldn't behave better. Old Miss Abby smiled deprecatingly.

"They are peculiar people here," she said. "I think, my dear," to Mary Miller, "they forget sometimes I am a lady."

But it takes all sorts, don't you see, to make a world."

The next night, however, just as Mary and her mother were sitting down to tea, Miss Abby once more appeared, in the midst of a gentle shower of rain.

"I hope I don't inconvenience anybody," she said, meekly. "But that woman at Tewkstown has cut off my allowance of snuff; and, after all, there's no place like home."

And once more Mary Miller patiently walked back with the poor old crone to the poorhouse. The matron was infuriated this time.

"It ain't in human natur' to stand this," she declared. "I'll put her in the jug."

"The jug?" repeated Mary, in surprise.

"It's a room down cellar, where we shut up the troublesome cases," said the matron. "I can't stand this running-away business, and I won't!"

The jug, perhaps, proved efficacious, for old Miss Abby Dabney did not appear again for a week. At the expiration of that period, however, she crept noiselessly in, just at dusk, and seated herself like a silent shadow in the chimney corner.

"It is so good to be at home again," said she, rubbing her wrinkled hands. "I somehow seem to get lost of late. Elnathan is gone, and Betsy is gone, and I'm left here all alone. Yes, a cup of tea, please—sugar and no milk. They never remember how I like my tea at Tewkstown. This is good; and butter on my bread too! We don't get butter to Tewkstown."

Mary burst into tears.

"Mother," said she, "Miss Abby shall not go back to Tewkstown—she shall stay here! Mother, how should I feel if you were wandering friendless and alone through the world?"

"But my dear—"

"She shall sleep in her own old room, out of the kitchen," persisted Mary. "She'll be no more care than a canary-bird. Oh, mother, do say yes! She will think then that she is still in her own home. Oh, if you knew how dreary it is at that poorhouse, with the grass all tramped out, and piles of clam-shells lying around the door, and not so much as a dandelion or a daisy to be seen!"

And Mrs. Miller yielded to Mary's tearful solicitations.

The Tewkstown authorities were but too glad to be rid of the poor old incubus; and Miss Abby Dabney settled down into her old home, as contentedly and unquestioningly as if she had never left it. She ate and drank but little; she talked still less, and seemed to regard Mrs. Miller and Mary as guests, who had come to visit the old farm.

"The Widow Miller and her darter must be rich folks, to undertake to support old Miss Abby," sneered one neighbor.

"She was well enough provided for at the poorhouse," said another.

"I never saw a farm succeed yet that was worked by women folks," jeered a third.

"There'll be the biggest kind of a smashup presently," observed number four. "And an auction sale of everything; and I'll be on hand—for I don't deny that them little Alderney cows is the cunningest creatures I ever set eyes on, and good milkers into the bargain."

But time wore on, and there was no flutter of any red flag over the porch. On the contrary, matters throve, and Mary Miller declared, joyously, that farming was a great deal more profitable business than working in the factory, and she only wished she had found it out before.

One gray, autumnal evening, Mary and her mother came back from a brisk walk to the village, and found a stalwart, sun-browned man sitting opposite to Miss Abby, by the red glow of the fire.

The old woman rose up, in an odd, uncertain way.

"Ladies," she said, fumbling in her old snuff-box, "this is my nephew, Cyrus Dabney—he as ran away from home twenty-nine years ago come Michaelmas Day, and we all supposed was dead. Cyrus, these are the ladies who are so good as to visit me here. I don't quite recollect their names; but then, my memory ain't as good as it used to be; and after all, it don't matter much. Nothing matters much nowadays."

And Miss Abby sat down and fell into a "daze" again, as if all necessity for conversational effort were over.

Cyrus Dabney stood up—a bronzed, bearded giant, with dark eyes and superb stature.

"Ladies, I beg your pardon," he said, "but I s'posed when I came here I was coming home. I knew nothing of all these changes. I never could have dreamed that my cousins would let this old creature go to—the town poorhouse. I don't know who you are, ladies," with a husky sound in his throat, "but I thank you, from the very bottom of my heart, for giving her a shelter in her old age. And if money will pay you for it—"

"It will not!" said Mary, sharply, as if the words conveyed a slur.

"No, I s'posed not," said Cyrus, with a sigh. "But I've plenty of money now. The dear old aunty shall live like a queen all the rest of her days, for she was good to me when all the rest set me down for a black sheep. I've made my fortune out in Panama, and I've come home to redeem myself."

"I have heard of Cyrus Dabney," said Mrs. Miller, gently.

"And I'll venture, ma'am, you heard no good of me," said the young giant, with a short laugh. "I'll not deny that I was a wild boy enough, but there wasn't any actual evil in me, let folks say what they would. And now I've come back a rich man, and there's nobody to bid me welcome home, except old Aunt Abby out of the poorhouse."

He could not long have made this statement, however. All the town was up to bid the rich government contractor welcome to Tewkstown within twenty-four hours. Human nature is human nature everywhere. But, Cyrus Dabney cared little for the friendly overtures of the old neighbors.

Aunt Abby was the only person for whom he seemed to care, and his greatest grief was that the old woman refused to leave the old Dabney farm-house to live in the stately brick mansion which he built on Prospect Hill. And then he asked permission to deck her little bedroom with the curiosities he had brought from the Isthmus, and in tacking up draperies and arranging shells and old silver coins he and Mary unconsciously became friends.

Friends! She never knew that it was anything else, until one day old Aunt Abby took a strange idea into her head. And Mary, holding a rich Oriental cord for Cyrus Dabney to loop into knots for picture frames, heard her introduce Mrs. Miller to a neighbor as "my guest, Mrs. Miller, the mother of the young lady that Nephew Cyrus is going to marry."

Cyrus looked at Mary. Mary dropped the ball of cord and turned crimson.

"Mary," he whispered, piteously, "say that it shall be so. For I love you! And—and you were good to old Aunt Abby when all the world turned against

her. I sometimes think, Mary, that you must be like one of heaven's angels!"

This was how they became engaged.

They still live in the old farmhouse, the happiest of married lovers, and Aunt Abby firmly believes that they are all her guests; for to her the world stands eternally still—the world that is so full of bloom and beauty to Cyrus and Mary.

Selected.

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

USEFUL HANDBOOK. The superintendency of Cache Stake Sunday Schools has issued a "Handbook for all Sunday School Workers in the Cache Stake of Zion." It contains a greeting, Articles of Faith, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, rules for officers, teachers and pupils, the general, stake and ward Sunday School officers and the general authorities of the Church. Many good points are suggested by the following items taken from the handbook:

RULES FOR OFFICERS AND TEACHERS.

1.—A competent deacon should be selected; for much depends on him in cleaning, warming and making the school room comfortable.

2.—All department work should be conducted according to a carefully prepared plan, arranged by the teachers and superintendency.

3.—A few minutes should be spent in every teachers' meeting in the careful study of the new Sunday School Treatise.

4.—All lessons should be assigned with care, and pupils should be instructed how to prepare them before the next recitation.

5.—Teachers should be prompt in attendance and be studious, prayerful and progressive.

6.—The school room should be made as attractive as possible with pictures, flowers and cheerful tones of the voice.

7.—Quarterly reviews of the school should be held, to which parents, guardians and Stake S. S. officers should be invited.

8.—Every officer and teacher should be stationed at their respective places in school at least fifteen minutes before time of commencing, greet their scholars with a kind good-morning and a cheerful countenance, and assign them their seats; thereby showing them an example of order and confidence, and a reverence for the house of worship.

RULES FOR PUPILS.

1.—Be at school on time to participate in the opening exercises.

2.—Keep "The Word of Wisdom," govern your temper, and always be polite.

3.—Obey your parents and your teachers and follow their example in all that is good.

4.—Learn something every day and practice what you learn.

5.—Make the little duties of life a pleasure, and be industrious and cheerful.

6.—Keep the Sabbath day holy, and always tell the truth.

7.—Pupils on entering the school on Sunday morning should uncover their heads and go quietly to their seats, and not leave them without permission from the teachers.

8.—Pupils should remain quiet during all the exercises of the school, and not whisper or talk aloud, unless asked to do so by their teachers.

9.—On closing school, pupils should march out to appropriate step music, and refrain from loud talk and boisterous conduct while leaving school grounds.

JUBILEE PRIZE HYMN.—The awarding committee on Sunday School jubilee hymn competition has made the following report to the jubilee committee:

To Joseph W. Summerhays and Fellow Members of the Deseret Sunday School Board Committee on Jubilee:

DEAR BRETHREN.—Your committee appointed to examine the poetical productions of competitors for the gold medal offered by the Deseret Sunday School Union for the best song to be sung at the fiftieth anniversary jubilee, to be held in October next, herewith tender their report:

Twenty contributions were submitted to us by Secretary George D. Pyper. After a careful consideration of the merits of each of them, it is our unanimous opinion that the hymn which has attached to it the nom de plume "Mountain Muse" is the most suitable for the purpose for which it is intended.

JOHN NICHOLSON,
JOSHUA H. PAUL,
GEORGE H. BRINHALL.

ZION'S SUNDAY SCHOOL JUBILEE HYMN.

From many far off lands,
Pilgrims, in cheerful bands,
With one accord,
Hastened, in these "last days,"
Hither to learn God's ways;
And still they come, to praise
And serve the Lord!

CHORUS.

Come! let us joyful be;
Hail Zion's Jubilee
Of Sunday schools!
Sing! for on ev'ry side
Zion has multiplied;
Let God be glorified
Where freedom rules.

When darkness clothed the land
The Lord's sufficient hand
Rent yonder sky;
Amid doubt's dreary night,
The Lord's sufficient might
Restored the Gospel light,
Lest faith should die.

To Him whose heavenly truth
Now gladdens age and youth,
Both great and small,
Givethanks! He still presides,
Who sends us faithful guides;
Thank Him whose love provides
"Good gifts" for all.

Mountain Muse.

"Mountain Muse" was afterwards found by the committee to be Sister Emily H. Woodmansee, and the gold medal was awarded her.

GOLD MEDAL FOR MUSICAL COMPETITION.—The Deseret Sunday School Union Board offers a gold medal for the best musical composition, adapted to the above prize hymn, on the following conditions:

1.—The composition must not be too ambitious in point of grade and character, but must be suitable for chorus use in an average Sunday School.

2.—All compositions must be sent to the Deseret Sunday School Union office, No. 408 Templeton building, Salt Lake City, not later than September 10th.

3.—All pieces submitted shall be signed by nom de plume and shall be accompanied with a sealed envelope, with nom de plume of writer on the outside, and containing the correct name and address of competitor. A competent committee will pass on all music submitted and all pieces shall become the property of the Union.

JOSEPH W. SUMMERHAYS,
THOMAS C. GRIGGS,
LEVI W. RICHARDS,
JOHN M. MILLS,
GEORGE D. PYPER,

Committee on Jubilee.

PIONEER SUNDAY SCHOOL.—The Jubilee committee recently made a request for communications with any member of the Sunday School established by Brother Ballantyne in 1849. Responses have

been slow in coming in and the committee again desires the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to call the attention of the members of this old school to the letter published in the last number.

HISTORICAL REVIEW OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 490.)

THE organization of schools into the Union for some time proceeded slowly in the more remote settlements, but in the more complete organization of the Stakes of Zion, which took place a short time previous to the death of President Brigham Young, was found the means by which the good influence of the Union could be extended to the most distant schools, through the presiding officers of those various Stakes; and Stake Superintendents of Sunday Schools are now almost invariably appointed when the organization of a Stake is perfected; so that, today, in every Stake of Zion, as there is a Stake President, there is also a Stake Superintendent of Sunday Schools, subject to the President of the Stake, with assistant officers to look after and care for the Sunday School interests in that Stake.

In the year 1877 a new feature of much importance was introduced, by direction of the First Presidency of the Church, into the services of the Sunday Schools. We refer to the administration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to the children attending them. It was directed that this should be done by the Bishops or under their direction and administered to all the children under eight years of age, and to all those above that age who had been baptized into the Church. The effects of this counsel, where carried out in the spirit of the instructions given,

have been marked for good. A better understanding of the divine mission of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ and of His atonement for the sins of the world has been given to our children, and they are constantly reminded by partaking of these emblems, together with suitable hymns sung, and instructions given on this subject at these times, of the necessity of honoring their Savior, of reverencing His name, and obeying His laws.

Nor in our review of what the Union has accomplished must we forget the impetus it has given to the development of musical talent in the midst of the Saints. We feel satisfied, we can say without undue vanity, that no single agency has done so much in this direction as it has, and the results are eminently satisfactory, showing that as a people, we have many among us whose compositions are worthy of high praise, with a constantly developing standard of excellence. The means adopted by the Union to accomplish this have been various. Among others, the constant inculcation of the necessity of good singing in the Sunday Schools by all the teachers and pupils; the establishment of the Deseret Sunday School Musical Union and the organization of the Union's Brass Band; the holding, for many years, commencing with 1874, of annual musical festivals in the Large Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, an example which has been followed in many of our larger settlements; the awarding of between \$200 and \$300 as prizes for the best original musical compositions and poetry; the issuance of scores of thousands of musical cards, and later of a Union Music Book, which has now reached a third edition, and the publication in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR of hundreds of pieces of original music. Nor in this connection must we omit to

refer to the value that the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR has been in aiding in the great Sunday School work. Its advent in January, 1866, antedated the organization of the Union, and from its commencement it has been our constant friend. The publication in its columns of catechisms on the Bible, Book of Mormon, Church History, etc., its musical pages, its editorial teachings, and many other of its features, have rendered it a necessity in our Sunday Schools whose influence can scarcely be over-estimated, and whose loss would be regarded as an injury by most Sunday School officers. Its value lies distinctly in the fact that through its pages unity and harmony of action can be brought about throughout all our schools, and the instructions of the general officers can reach the remotest settlements, where otherwise, through lack of personal visits, they would often be at a loss to keep step with the rest of the Union—a consummation most desirable, and now attained to a most commendable extent. It is true that some slight variations, arising from local peculiarities, must always exist, and with which it would be very unwise to interfere, but the general rules suggested by the Union have been almost universally adopted in our schools throughout the length and breadth of our settlements, and we believe with most gratifying results. Among these suggestions are:

That the school should always be promptly opened at the time appointed; which, wherever practicable, should be ten o'clock in the morning.

That the singing should be done by the whole school, and not simply by a selected choir of a few voices.

That the Sacrament should be administered every Sunday.

That the readers used should be the

Scriptures and other works of the Church and publications approved by the General Board.

That primary and infant classes should be established, where the little ones can be taught orally by one or more of the most experienced teachers. Whenever possible this should be done in a room separate from the rest of the school.

That every school should be fully organized with a complete set of officers, and that every male officer and teacher should hold some portion of the Priesthood.*

That when the school is dismissed the children should leave in order, class by class; and when consistent, to the music of a march on the organ.

That teachers' meetings should be held at least once a month, for the regulation of school matters and the instruction of the teachers.

That public reviews should be held at such stated intervals as are considered most convenient and profitable by the officers of the schools.

That the Sunday School officers should always work in harmony with the local presiding Priesthood, and seek to carry out their counsel with diligence and in good faith.

That continued efforts, through Sunday School visitors or otherwise, should be strenuously made to obtain the attendance at school of every child of sufficient age belonging to the ward.

It would be ungenerous before we close this portion of our report not to refer to the immense amount of labor performed by the brethren and sisters of the various committees connected with the getting up and carrying to a successful conclusion of our mammoth celebration in the large Tabernacle; the decorations on more than one occasion of this vast building with evergreens, flowers, etc., the formation of the very beautiful

center-piece that adorned it, and many other duties associated therewith, were all labors of love, but which at the same time required much toil, unwearied patience and a large amount of time to execute. Nor were these alone; the executive, finance, musical, reception and other committees all had their hands full of pleasurable work, and they performed it in such a successful manner as to meet, as it deserved, with universal commendation and approval from the Latter-day Saints.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A FEW THOUGHTS UPON HOLIDAYS AND RECREATION.

THE writer is one of those who believes in recreation, vacation, change of air and scene, and rest from accustomed toil—all within the bounds of moderation and reason, and within the reach of one's particular condition and circumstances. It has been well said that recreation is *re-creation*. It freshens up the faculties, gives vigor to nerves and muscles and tissues that are worn and tired, enlarges the capacity for enjoying the good things of earth, and fits him who takes it for better and more effective effort than he was capable of before. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy;" and this maxim applies as well to boys and girls of maturer years as to the youngsters. An all-wise Creator has declared that one day in seven should be observed by His children as a day of rest from labor, and in order to show the universal character of this occasional period of rest, He required anciently that even the lands which His

people cultivated should enjoy a sabbath or rest every seventh year.

But all this means rest and recuperation in a sensible and reasonable manner; and it cannot always be said that modern recreation is of this kind. It is too frequently excessive, and all excess is injurious. By many people it is carried to the point where it becomes so much of a habit that those who indulge in it are unfitted for the serious business of life. Labor becomes entirely distasteful instead of being sweetened by an occasional change. A new maxim might well be written to go in connection with the one above quoted: "Much play and little work, causes Jack that little to shirk." Some people declare they need a trip or excursion because they are exhausted and worn out. They take their trip, and return more tired than when they went away. Of course they must rest up a little after getting back home, or if they attempt their usual duties, they go about them in a listless, half-hearted way, and soon give evidence of needing another trip to rest them some more. At last they think of little else than plans for pleasure or for getting away from their work. Earnestness in meeting the trials and struggles of life makes up but a small part of their thoughts. This is the extreme, of course; but all of us know persons to whom the description will apply.

On the other hand there are men and women whom no kind of persuasion can tear away from the daily round of duty. They are so constituted that if not at their work they are consumed with worry, which is a more severe strain than the work itself. They toil early and late from the very love of it, or from a high and oftentimes mistaken sense of duty; and when not actually at work they are thinking of new plans to

tax their energy and industry. This is the other extreme. These are the people who, in a way, are burning the candle of life at both ends. They run the human machine at high pressure and under forced draught all the time—a process which no machine can long endure—and which ends at last in collapse and the remark so often heard, "he literally killed himself with work."

Between these two is the happy medium, where recreation is intelligently sought and enjoyed, and where its result is fresh energy and invigoration. Those who get the most out of recreation are those who get near to Nature, studying the handiwork of Nature's God, and in rest or change, even if attended with some labor and perhaps hardship, see and study and admire the manifold works of a mighty Creator or the skill and achievement of His children. Heart-free and whole-souled, they take pleasure in their holiday, in the knowledge that it will renew in them the pleasure of the labor to which they return. They come back rested, freshened, at peace with themselves and all the world, and prepared to "buckle to" with enthusiasm and energy far more than will enable them to make up for "lost time."

The usual season for vacations will not yet be over for this year when these lines are read. How many, I wonder, who have been given the customary holiday, will be able to testify that they have had a real rest and have spent their time in true pleasure and profit!

STARTING A FIRE WITH ICE.

Two very surprising things may be done with ordinary ice. First, you may make a burning glass out of ice which will burn holes in paper and even start

a fire in the woods. The only tool you will need will be a pocket knife, and with this it may be well to remember that no boy need freeze to death in the woods when the sun shines and when there is plenty of ice around. He may make his fire as follows: Select the clearest ice you can find. In frozen ponds will often be found a little hillock of ice caused by an eddy in the water beneath. Knock off a piece of this clear ice and whittle it into the shape of a double convex lens.

You should have no trouble doing this, for ice can be cut very easily with a pocketknife. Perhaps it may be well to inform the uninitiated that a double convex lens is one which bulges on both sides. It gathers up the rays of sunlight and concentrates them against one spot, which is called the focus point. Ordinarily a lens is made of glass, but ice will perform the same feat if correctly shaped. First cut your ice into a flat piece, a little thicker than and as round as a silver dollar. It might be well, also, to leave a long sliver on one side of the circular piece to serve for a handle. When you have cut your flat, circular piece, scrape down the edge, gradually working towards the centre, until you have rounded off both sides. A little practice will enable you to do this evenly although you may waste or break two or three pieces of ice in the effort.

As you go along with the work of scraping put the round piece, or lens, in your mouth every few minutes. The heat of the mouth will not only polish the lens, but it will smooth away those extremely fine ridges or knife marks which otherwise interfere with the concentration of the light. By holding it a proper distance from a piece of paper, say about an inch, it presently will set the paper on fire.

The other feat spoken of above is the making of a good magnifier out of a piece of ice. If you are in the woods some winter's day and wish to examine some minute object thoroughly you may do so very readily with ice. Proceed as when you made your lens, only instead of making slightly convex sides make your lens in the shape of a ball or sphere. Opticians sell glass balls filled with water for magnifying purposes. The ice will act the same as the water-filled glass ball, and it is wonderful how much you may add to a day's enjoyment in this very simple way. There are winter insects, branches of trees, dead leaves and bark, snow and ice, all of which will reveal hidden wonders under this very simple microscope, which Nature places within the reach of any ingenious boy. Of course, the city boy may also amuse himself with ice quite as readily as his country cousin, and he may do it in summer time, if need be, with the help of the commodity which the ice-man leaves at the door every day.

TAKE TIME.

TAKE time to breathe a morning prayer, asking God to keep you from evil, and use you for His glory during the day.

Take time to read a few verses from God's word each day.

Take time to be pleasant. A bright smile and a pleasant word fall like sunbeams upon the hearts of those around us.

Take time to be polite. A gentle "I thank you," "If you please," "Excuse me," etc., even to an inferior, is no compromise of dignity, and you know

"True politeness is to say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

Take time to be patient. Patience

and kindness will open a way for good influence over others.

Take time to be thoughtful about the aged. Respect gray hairs, even if they crown the head of a beggar.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET.

Modern Version.

LITTLE Miss Muffet discovered a tuffet
(Which never occurred to the rest of us),
And, as 'twas a June day and just about noonday,
She wanted to eat—like the best of us.
Her diet was whey, and I hasten to say
It is wholesome, the people grow fat on it;
The spot being lonely, the lady not only
Discovered the tuffet, but sat on it.

A rivulet gabbled beside her and babbled,
As rivulets always are thought to do;
And dragon-flies sported around and cavorted,
As poets say dragon-flies ought to do;
When, glancing aside for a moment, she spied
A horrible sight that brought fear to her:
A hideous spider was sitting beside her,
And most unavoidably near to her!

However unsightly, this creature politely
Said, "Madam, I earnestly vow to you
I'm penitent that I did not wear my hat. I
Should otherwise certainly bow to you."
Though anxious to please, he was so ill at ease
That he lost all his sense of propriety,
And grew so inept that he clumsily stepped
In her plate—which is barred in society.

This curious error completed her terror,
She shuddered, and, growing much paler, not
Only left tuffet, but dealt him a buffet
Which doubled him up in a sailor knot.
It should be explained that at this he was pained;
He cried, "I have vexed you no doubt of it!
Your fist's like a truncheon." "You're still in my
luncheon,"

Was all that she answered; "Get out of it!"

And the moral is this—Be it madam or miss
To whom you have something to say;
You are only absurd when you get in the curd,
But you're rude when you get in the whey.

Guy Wetmore Carrye.

Our Little Folks.

A COW THAT WAS "TOO FAMILIAR."

MANY of my little friends write about their pets, and while I have had and still have pet animals and birds of my own, I thought, this time, you perhaps might like to hear about a cow which we once had and which my Mama says was "too familiar." My parents owned her when they were first married, and maybe because they were so pleased with each other and so good-humored, this cow concluded she could take liberties. At any rate, it happened that one afternoon while Mama was waiting for Papa to come home to dinner and was sitting upstairs sewing, she heard a great tramping and noise in the dining room. She ran down stairs, and behold, there was the cow, standing with her muddy feet on the new carpet, and browsing off the celery in the middle of the table. Before Mama could drive her out, she ate off the window plants—at least as many of them as she liked—licked the plates and dishes, and took a good look at herself in the sideboard mirror. In order to get in the dining room she had had to walk up six steps to the porch and then into the kitchen. She seemed to have smelt around the hot stove there, and she took a drink out of the water pail. Then she pushed open the door into the dining room and was there when Mama found her. She went out the same way as she came in, but she was not in any hurry about it, for Mama was not much used to cows, and did not dare to try to force her along very fast. This same cow tried several times afterwards to get into the house, as if she wanted to eat where the rest of the family did, but

Mama fixed the doors more securely, and said she guessed she could get along without Bossie's company. The next thing of importance that the cow did was to go and get bloated on green lucern and die. Mama felt very badly about this last act, and said she cheerfully forgave the cow for all the fright and trouble and annoyance she had caused by being so "familiar."

Prince Arthur.

THAT BABY.

THERE was a baby in the railway car the other day. It was not an unusual child, but it had a decidedly bright face and pretty ways. For the first few miles she was very quiet, and her blue eyes looked around in wonderment, for evidently it was the little one's first ride on the cars. Then as she became used to the roar and rumble, the baby proclivities asserted themselves, and she began to play with her father's mustache. At first the father and mother were the only parties interested, but soon a young lady in an adjacent seat nudged her escort and directed his attention to the laughing child. He looked up, remarked that it was a pretty baby, and tried to look unconcerned; but it was noticed that his eyes wandered back to the spot occupied by the happy family, and he commenced to smile. The baby pulled the hair of an old lady in front, who turned around savagely and glared at the father with a look that plainly said, "Nuisances should be left at home." But she caught sight of the laughing eyes of the baby and when she turned back she seemed pleased about something. Several others had become interested in the child by this time—business men and young clerks, old ladies and girls—and



HARVEST TIME.

when the baby hands grasped the large silk hat of her father and placed it on her own head, it made such a comical picture that an old gentleman across the way, unable to restrain himself, burst out into a loud guffaw, and then looked sheepishly out the window, as if ashamed to be caught doing such an unmanly thing. Before another five minutes he was playing peek-a-boo across the aisle with the baby, and everyone was envying him.

The ubiquitous young man, ever on the move, passed through, and was at a loss to account for the frowns of everybody. He had failed to notice the baby. The brakeman looked in from his post on the platform and smiled. The paper boy found no custom till he had spoken to the baby and jingled his pocket of change for her edification. The conductor caught the fever and chucked the little one under the chin, while the old gentleman across the aisle forgot to pass up his ticket, so interested was he playing peek-a-boo. The old lady in front relaxed, and diving into her reticule unearthed a brilliant red pippin and presented it bashfully to the little one, who, in response, put her chubby arms around the donor's neck and pressed her rosy little mouth to the old lady's cheek. It brought back a flood of remembrances to that withered heart, and a handkerchief was seen to brush first this way and then that, as if to catch a falling tear.

The train sped on and pulled into the station where the baby, with her parents, was to leave the car. A look of regret came over every face. The old gentleman asked if he couldn't kiss it just once; the old lady returned the caress she had received and the baby moved toward the door, shaking a by-by over the shoulder of her papa, to which every

one responded, including the newsboy, who emphasized his farewell with a wave of his hat. The passengers rushed to the side where the baby got off and watched till she turned out of sight at the other end of the station, shaking by-bys all the time. Then they lapsed into silence. They missed that baby, and not one of them would be unwilling to acknowledge it. The little one's presence had let a rift of sunshine into every heart, warm or cold, in that car.

—*Selected.*

FOR THE LETTER-BOX

OWEN, FORT BRIDGER.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I love to read the little letters in the JUVENILE and I love the Primary and Sunday School. I also know that the Lord hears and answers prayers, for I have tried it myself. My Grandpa and Grandma are out from Utah to make us a visit. We have a townsite selected on the upper bench. It was selected last spring by some of the Apostles and Stake authorities. I think after awhile Bridger will be quite a big place, for people are coming in all the time. I have a baby brother one year and seven months old, with dark blue eyes and brown hair, and we think he is the nicest baby in Owen. I am twelve years old and my name is

—*Mima Marshall.*

—
BOUNTIFUL, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I was lonesome this evening and thought I would write to you. Mama has had twelve children in twenty years. The oldest is nineteen and the baby's name is Dewey. He is just one year old. My Papa is a farmer. We have three acres of goose-berries, and we have just got through picking them this season, for which we all are very glad.

I have read many little letters in the JUVENILE and I am going to read many more, for they interest me very much. I will have to go and get my supper now so good-by!

Josephine Wood.

CENTRAL, ARIZONA.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: We have read many of your letters, but have never tried to write to you before, and we hope this will get into print. We are two sisters, and we have three brothers. We are a long way from our Letter-box friends in Salt Lake City, but we have good teachers in our Sunday School here and we love them dearly.

Ida V. Jean, age 11.

Margaret Jean, age 8.

PAROWAN.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: We have ten hens. My sister Nevada is eight years old, and has been baptized; so she gathers the eggs and puts every tenth one in a bucket. When there are twelve, she pays her tithing. When I am eight this will be my chore, and my sister will do something else to earn her tithing. All our family over eight years old pay tithing. The Lord is very kind to us indeed.

Lu Nita Watson.

SALT LAKE CITY.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I am eight years old and a little "Mormon," having been baptized on my birthday. My father and two brothers have been on missions—one to the Pacific Islands, one to Europe, and the other to the United States; so our family has been represented pretty nearly in all quarters of the world. I think the work of preaching the Gospel must be a very happy

labor, and my hope is that I will grow up to be good enough to go on a mission myself.

Your new friend,

Roy Thompson.

WOODVILLE, IDAHO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I feel that I would like to write to my little brothers and sisters. I am nine years old and was baptized when eight. I belong to Primary and Sunday School, and like to attend to my duties, for the Lord will bless us when we do so.

Elvira Mathews.

RECITATION FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

I.

It is true we're stuffed with sawdust
And can never learn to walk;
It is true we have no organs
And can never learn to talk;
It is true we're only dollies
And dollies must remain,
But we're free from faults and follies
That might cause our mamas pain.

II.

Can you tell us when you ever
Saw our faces spoiled with frowns?
And we're sure you never heard us
Make a fuss about our gowns!
Then we do not tease the kitty,
We are always kind in play;
And we think 'twould be a pity
For a doll to disobey!

III.

When the parlor clock strikes seven
Not a fretful word is said,
As our little mamas tell us
It is time to go to bed.
So you see though we are dollies
And dollies must remain,
We are free from faults and follies
That might cause our mamas pain.

Little Men and Women.

Cure or Endure

Suffer or fight, which do you prefer to the case of bodily pain?

You've got to do either, for pain is sure to come. It comes to all. It may be a cut, a burn, a sore, an inflammation, or it may be the warning or symptom of some organic disease; one way or the other you'll have your share of it before long.

Are you ready? Whoever wants to fight pain and conquer it should call at their druggists and lay in a supply of

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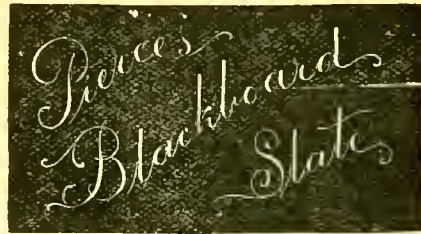
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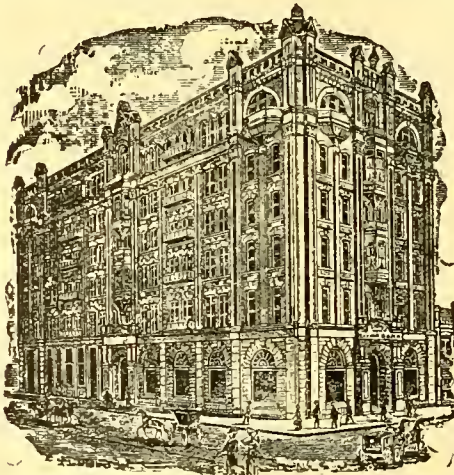
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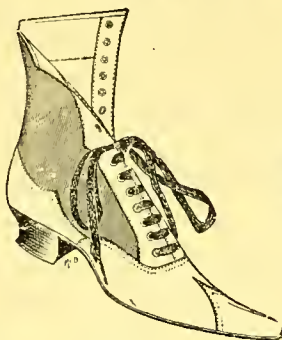
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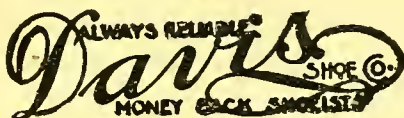
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